CHAPTER X.

KIRBY ASKS A DIRECT

QUESTION.

the day. It was a story signed by,

Chuck Ellis, who had seen the al-

eged murderer climb down by a fire

scape from the window of Cun

ningham's bedroom and had actually

alked with the man as he emerged

rom the alley. His description o

he suspect tallied fairly closely with

As Kirby walked to the Equitable

suilding to keep his appointment with

is cousins, it would not have sur

prised him if at any moment an of-

icer had touched him on the shoulder

Entering the office of the oil broker,

where the two brothers were waiting

or him. Kirby had a sense of an in-

James spoke quickly, to bridge any

"This is a dreadful thing about

Uncle James. I've never been so shocked before in my life. The crime

Kirby nodded. "Or else the deed

some insane person. Men in their

Such coldblooded deviltry

ight senses don't do such things."
"No," agreed James. "Murder's

His eyes met those of his cousin

The directness of the question took

ames aback. After the fraction of second's hesitation he spoke. "If

did I wouldn't be going to lunch

Jack cut in. Excitement had

anished his usual almost insolent

ndolence. His dark eyes burned with

consuming fire. "Let's put our ards on the table. We think you're

he man the police are looking for-

"What makes you think that?"

"You told us you were going to see

m as soon as he got back from the

Springs. The description fits you to

T. You can't get away with an alibi so far as I'm concerned."

"All right," said the rough rider,

his low, even voice unruffled by ex-citement. "If I can't, I can't. We'll

say I'm the man who came down the

ire escape. What then?"

James was watching his cousin

this mystery that you'll want to tell

Kirby told the story of his night's

whatever to Wild Rose or to anybody

After he had finished, James made

you haven't expressed ar

You had quarreled with him,

"What about this girl is

suggested Lane.

his comment. "You've been very frank, Kirby. I accept your story."

adventure, omitting any reference

else in the apartment when h

The pupils of his eyes nar-

he one described in the papers.

second's hesitation-he spoke.

nd told him he was under arrest.

hat of Mrs. Hull.

errupted conversation.

as absolutely fiendish."

"No," agreed James.

hey were cold and bleak. "Do you think I did it?"

quite another."

cirby quietly.

ith you.

mbarrassment.

IE story of the Cunninghan

mystery, as it was already

being called, filled the early

editions of the afternoon pa-

The Times had the scoop of

GIVE A PLAY, THEN **EVERYBODY DANCES**

Community Club Presents Musical Piece Which Is Enjoyed by 1,000 Spectators.

The Community Club of R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., presented "Little Miss Courtesy" last night at the Central Opera House, East 67th Street, More than 1,000 members of the club and their friends enjoyed the three-act musical show, written by Richard Barriscale, with music by Raiph Gold stein, both members of the Macy or ganization. Proceeds of the show-\$1,500-will be used by the club for entertainments during the year, and for the gymnasium, singing, Spanish and dancing classes

Intermingled with the buffoonery of the musical piece were fancy and too dancing and vocal and instrumental numbers. The first scene was in the music department of the Macy Store. where Bobby Barriscale, hero, is enamored of Miss Kruger, a salesgirt. Bebby has ten millions and the girl doesn't resort to pogo sticks to entice

The store organization sends her and several other girls to college. Bobby follows and, according to Miss Kruger's aunt, speaks out of turn many times while on the campus. Auntie releases the usual chatter about the danger of persons of different social levels marrying. The ring, so sentimentally placed on the third finger of the girl's left hand, is returned to Bobby, and he contemplates whether to disrobe before drowning or take all with him. Here the strain of watching the hero prepare for a nose dive is relieved by the entrance of two little girls who step out on their toes. The Misses Finnegan they were.

It didn't cost a cent to produce the three acts. The scenery was designed, painted and constructed in the store. The costumes, shoes and hats were from the same source. Incidentally here is some inside stuff about the show: The bouquets the chorus carried were plucked from those places where the Flower and Feather Department had discarded them. If you by diplomatic negotiations openly car-ried on between the ready-to-wear buyers and the show committee. lugubrious expression on the

disaster to his Louis NIV. furniture. There was a bobbed hair chorusthe Misses J. Bowler, A. Dunn, R. Kramer, M. McCarthy, E. Levine and A. Powers. And the flapper chorus-Misses H. Claust, P. Schmeltzer, P. Joyce, M. Prepiorka, F. Riley, V. Kronman, H. Beynon, assisted by Messrs. L. Jaufman, L. Peris, M. Dedoose, S. Wallstein, P. Altrogge, W.

Thomas and P. Lauria. Those in the cast were W. T. Fran-cis, F. Rosenfeld, A. Lasker, C. Maguire, S. Waters, K. Grealish, O. Kruger, E. Worrell, M. Noonan, R. Parriscale, L. Scuteri, C. Ten Eyck, G. Paulus, L. Perper, Mrs. Sidney. The committee of the play was:



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The range rider smiled sardonically, "Even if I had killed Uncle James, couldn't do much else except tell story like the one I've told you. "It wouldn't go far in a courtoom," Jack said. "Not far," admitted Kirby, pinion, Jack. Do you think I shot Jack looked at him, almost sullenly, and looked away. He poked at the corner of the desk with the ferrule f his cane. "I don't know who shot and you went to have another row ruise on your chin that wasn't there when we saw you yesterday. For all know he may have done it before you put him out." "I struck against a corner in the darkness," Kirby said. "That's what you say. You've go o explain it somehow. I think your story's fishy, if you ask me. "Then you'd better call up the po "I didn't say I was going to cal the cops," retorted Jack sulkily, "I think you're wrong, Jack," the dder brother said. Reluctantly Kirby broached on nule of the subject that must be ncie's office-the one in trouble Are we goin' to bring her into thus?" There was a moment's silence lack's black eyes slid from Lane to his brother. James gave the matter considera ton, then spoke judicially, "Better eave her out of it." As the three cousins stepped out of the Equitable Building to Stout Street newsboy was calling an extra. "A-1-1 'bout Cunn'n'ham myst'ry Huxtry! Huxtry!" Kirby bought a paper. A streame neadline in red flashed at him: "Horikawa; valet of Cunningham, disappears. The lead of the story below was to the effect that Cunningham has drawn two thousand dollars in large bills from the bank on the day ound, and the police had a theory that he had killed and robbed his

naster for this money. CHAPTER XI. THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

Horikawa could not b

F Kirby had been playing his own hand only he would have gone to the police and told thous he was the man who and been seen

t Her at the Rocky Mountain Naleaving the Paradex Apartments to time at the test flow to only two blinking of an eye. He did not want that he kn a thundraham and to bring Kirby into his testimony if the fire escape. But he could not do metal this without running the risk of im- that the promoter had drawn \$2,000 he could help it. That might ulti-

by William Macleod Raine AUTHOR of "THE YUKON TRAIL" "THE BIG TOWN ROUND-ITP" ETC.

DEVELOPMENTS IN THE STORY. KIRBY LANE, rough rider, of Wyoming has come to Denver to see his

JAMES CUNNINGHAM, a wealthy promoter, to tell Cunningham, for om he has a violent dislike, what he thinks of him for having wronged ESTHER McLEAN, his stenographer, a sister of "WILD ROSE" McLEAN, Lane's closest friend, also a rough rider, who has come to Denver on the same errand, after leaving Cheyenne with a broken

sustained in a riding contest. Lane calls on his cousins, JACK CUNNINGHAM, a bond salesman, and

JAMES CUNNINGHAM, an oil promoter, and tells them of his intended visit to his uncle in his apartment and his errand. Going to the house he is surprised at the intense excitement of CASS HULL and his wife, in directing him to his uncle's rooms. He finds

the apartment dark, hears some one move, grasps a woman by the hand and is struck on the chin and knocked out. Recovering, he finds a glove belong-ing to "Wild Rose" McLean and a note from Cunningham's valet.

HORIKAWA, saying the Hulls had called and said they would return later. In an inner room Lane finds Cunningham's dead body, bound to a chair, a bullet hole in the head. There is a ring at the door, he leaves the room by the fire escape and is seen by

CHUCK ELLIS, a reporter. Lane phones the police of the murder. The man described by the Hulls and Ellis comes first under suspicion as Cun-

rowed. He took the answer out of his brother's mouth. "Then we think you probably know something about

> DAMN IT, THERE'S A BAD BRUISE ON YOUR CHIN THAT WASN'T THERE WHEN WE SAW YOU YESTERDAY.

> > The medical witnesses were intro

"Did anything peculiar about th

"Showing that the weapon had

"One thing. The bullet slanted

"In your ludgment, then, the re

colver was fired by a left-handed

The coroner swelled like a turkey

Lane's neart drummed fast. He did

not look across the room toward th

girl in the blue tailored suit. But he

saw her, just as clearly as though his

eyes had been fastened on her. The

detail that stood out in his imagina-

tion was the right arm set in splints

and resting in a linen sling suspended

"Was it possible that the deceased

"Do you mean, is it possible that

mebody could have tied him to the

The surgeon, taken by surprise

James Cunningham took the wit-

had arrived at the scene of the

heir testimony. The oil broker gave

nformation as to his uncle's affairs.

ess chair after the police officers who

agedy with the surgeon had finished

"You knew your uncle well?" the

"And were you on good terms with

"Had he ever suggested to you that

'No, not to my knowledge. He had

The presecuting attorney glanced

Cunningham hemitated, for just the

"That's possible, cer

ould have shot himself?"

chair after he was dead?

awyer asked presently.

e might commit suicide?"

"Did he own a revolver?"

"You are his next of kin?" "My brother and I are his nephews

te had no nearer relatives."

"Intimately.

"The best."

n automatic.

sock as he waved the attorney to

nto the head toward the right."

duced next. The police surgeon has

reached the apartment at 10.30.

eased was powder-marked."

een fired close to him?"

"That is my opinion."

"Anything else?"

take charge again

rom the neck.

ett-handed.

resitated.

Yes.

plicating Wild Rose. He decided not in bills on the day of his death. to surrender himself.

He made two more attempts to see Wild Rose during the day. When he at last did see her it was at the wound impress you?" asked the

inquest. ecognized that. But he was moved

by an imperative urge to find out all that was possible of the affair. The orce that drove him was the need in his heart to exonerate his friend. The room was jammed with people Every aisle was packed and hundreds

were turned away. In the audience was a scattering of fashionably with him. Damn it, there's a bid dressed women, for it was possible the inquest might develop a sensation. The corener was a short, fat, little ann with a highly developed sense of his importance. It was his hour, and

e made the most of it. The first witnesses developed the novements of Cunnihe evening of the twenty-third. He sel dined at the City Club, and had left there after dinner to go to his partment. To a club member dining ith him he had mentioned an apantment at his rooms with a lady.

Those who had come to seek sen tions had found their first thrill. "Did he mention the name of the coroner, washing the backs of his

"Or his business with her?"

"No. But he seemed to be antoyed." Mr. Blanton also seemed t be annoyed. He had considered not ientioning this appointment, but his conscience would not let him hide it. He added an explanation. "My feelng was that it was some busines natter being forced on him. He had cen at Colorado Springs during the lay and probably had been unable to

e the lady earlier. "Did he say so?"

"No-o, not exactly," "What did he say to give you that inpression?

'I don't recall his words." "Or the substance of them?" "No. I had the impression, very

trongly. The coroner reproved him tartly. Please confine your testimony to and not to impressions. lianton. Do you know at what time Mr. Cunningham left the City Club?"

"Treetmoly "Precia ly."

"You are his only nephews-his only near relatives"" "That will do." Mr. History was followed by a

at the present moment?" "Yes." The monosyllable fell re actantly. "Where?"

"In Denver."

mately lead to his arrest.

"Living in Denver?"

We do not correspond."

Where?"

here, I think."

"He had one other nephew."

"Somewhere in Wyoming, I think,

"Do you know if he is there now?" The witness dodged. "He lives

"Do you happen to know where he

"Not in this court-room?"

"Yes." "What is the gentleman's name, Mr. Cunningham? "Kirby Lane."

"Will you point him out?" James did so.

The lawyer faced the crowd. "I'll ask Mr. Lane to ste orward and take a seat near th ront. I may want to ask him a fe restions later." Kirby rose and came forward.

"To your knowledge, Mr. Cunning am, had your uncle any enemies? sked the attorney, continuing his xamination

"He was a man of positive Necessarily there were people who did not like him." "I do not know of any personal

enemies. He may bave had them in going through his desk at the office I found a letter. Here it is." The fat little coroner bustled forward, took the letter, and read it. He handed it to one of the jury. It was read and passed around.

letter was the one the promoter had received from the Dry Valley rancher threatening his life.
"I notice that the letter is post-marked Denver," Cunningham

gested. "Whoever mailed it must ave been in the city at the time." The coroner put the tips of his fingers and thumbs together and calanced on the balls of his feet. "Do ou happen to know the name of the ady with whom your uncle had an appointment on the night of his

death at his rooms?" "No," answered the witness curtly. "When was the last time you saw he deceased alive""

"About three o'clock on the day before that of his death." "Anything occur at that time throwing any light on what subsequently occurred?

"Nothing whatever." "Very good, Mr. Cunningham. You may be excused, if Mr. Johns is through with you, unless some member of the jury has a question he would like to ask."

One of the jury had. He was a dried-out wisp of a man wrinkled like a winter pippin. "Was your uncle engaged to be married at the time of his death?" he piped.

Cunningham flushed. "I do not are to discuss that," he answered

"The witness may refuse to answer questions if he wishes," the coroner

Jack Cunningham was called to the stand. James had made an excellawitness. Jack, on the other hand was nervous and irritable. The firs new point he developed was that or his last visit to the rooms of his uncl he had seen him throw downstairs . fat man with whom he had bee Shown Hull be identifie him as the man.

"Had you ever had any troubl with your uncle?" Johns asked him. "You may decline to answer if "c vish," the coroner told the witne-Young Cunningham hesitated. No. What do you mean by trouble?

"Had he ever threatened to cut ye out of his will?" "Yes," came the answer, a b

"Why-if you care to tell?"

"He thought I was extravagant an vild-wanted me to buckle down t usiness more.

"What is your business?" "I'm with a bond house-McCab "During the past few months has

ou had any difference of opinic with your uncle?"

"That's my business," flared ti witness. Then just as swiftly as h Temporarily Rose McLean was critation had come it vanished But I don't mind answering.

"When?" "The last time I went to

coms-two days before his deat Significant looks passed from o another of the spectators. The wrinkled little furyman lean orward and piped his question aga

Was your uncle engaged to be my ied at the time of his death?" The startled eyes of Jack Cu ingham leaped to the little mr

was in them dismay, almo anic. Then swiftly, he recover and drawled insolently, mind my own business. Do you The coroner asserted "Here, here, none of that! Ordea

this court, if you please, gentlemen He hustled in his manner, turning the attorney. "Through with ? Cunningham, Johns?

"Never." Answered the oil broker "Quite." The prosecuting attorn with emphasis. "He was the last onsulted a list in front of h man in the world one would have associated with such a thought."

Hull came puffing to the stand. Copyright, 1921, by William Macleed Ra

Printed by permission of and by special rangement with Houghton-Mifflin Comp The continuation of the inquer

as chronicled in the next instal ment of the story, brings out ne facts, but none are considered sui ficient to warrant a verdict placin the crime at any one person door. Developments at this star of the inquest mean much Kirby Lane.